

## Some Stage Successes

"KISMET," a very successful play that has held the boards in New York city for nearly a year, was rejected by two of the greatest play managers in the world, before its present backer saw its possibilities. Some of the best work of popular and classic authors and musicians has been, scorned by experienced publishers who have lived to see their judgment comically reversed. It is often so, that men who have carefully trained themselves to pick flaws grow more and more monotonous in their standards of criticism, so that a touch of originality insures rejection by them on test by their false standards.

The hardest thing a man in the position of intellectual referee has to do is to keep his soul sensitive to new and unusual impressions, so that the intermittent flash of originality or genius may catch his attention and enlist his interest, sure to be jaded by the monotony of mediocrity. It is so even with professional people like mining engineers and architects, who may become so automatic in their mental processes that originality may to them seem synonymous with error, and mining prospects or structural innovations that do not square with their preconceived notions of propriety may be condemned by the false standard without a fair hearing. One of the surest signs of genius is the power to appreciate good things even if wholly new to one's experience and repugnant to one's fixed theories.

In New York this year there are two other plays that have had remarkable successes. One is "Disraeli," a superb sketch having no basis of historical consistency, but a powerfully dramatic and human portrayal of a unique character. What impresses one most deeply in seeing this play—and especially if the play be seen more than once—is the unflinching sense of humor that the great premier possesses. Only once or twice, amidst the most terrible crash, as he believes, of all his hopes and ambitions, does he lose his self possession, and even then, in a moment, he turns to joking with his pretty niece, and invites her to the garden to help feed the peacocks. President Taw saw the play one night recently, and he applauded most vigorously the remark of Disraeli that "The less a prime minister does the less likelihood there is of his making mistakes." Disraeli, as played by George Arliss, is one of the great character parts of this day—to be remembered like Mansfield with the cadets of Gascony or in the garden under the falling autumn leaves, or like Henry Irving in the assassination scene of Becket, or a soliloquy of King Henry.

The other play that is worth seeing is "Bunty." Bunty is a little Scotch lassie of the latter days, not beautiful, but firm and fascinating, lovable and jolly. The way Bunty "pulls the strings" and makes her menfolk stand around is a wonderful revelation of feminine character that may be warmly commended to every greenhorn of the weaker sex, which is to say, the male. Every youth ought to know these things before marriage. Bunty is the law and the prophets, and she just about succeeds in changing the Presbyterian confession of faith to suit her own gentle purposes. Bunty, like most girls, is a lot too good for the man she marries.

Generally speaking, successful plays in New York this year are of a higher standard than they have been for a decade. There are signs that the legitimate drama is to be given a chance once more, notwithstanding the reign of "girl shows" does not in the least abate.

## Great Public Works Ahead

TWO SUGGESTIONS have been made for utilizing the magnificent organization of the Panama canal construction force to best advantage without disbanding it or scrapping the machinery. Chairman B. F. Yoakum of the Frisco board advocates a broad policy of Mississippi river improvement, including storage dams, improvement of navigation, development of power, and completion of the levee system, using the Panama machinery and organization, and dropping the wasteful and ineffective policy of piecemeal tinkering for a broad policy of adequate and permanent remedy.

A number of suggestions have been made to use the Panama organization and machinery to build 1000 miles of railroad in Alaska and to develop the ports and terminals of that country. Whatever may be done about the Mississippi, the argument for Alaska is unanswerable. Alaska has five times the area of the Philippines, and one-fifth the area of continental United States. Alaska has produced \$200,000,000 in gold, and only a little fringe of the immense region has been even touched as yet. Over nine-tenths of the territory is inaccessible. More railroads must be had before the country can be opened up.

Most people think of Alaska as barren, desolate, and uninhabitable; but Alaska is in the same latitude as Sweden and Norway with their 7,000,000 people and 10,000 miles of railway. And Alaska has infinitely greater and more varied resources than Sweden and Norway have. In Scandinavia there is no gold or silver or coal, and but little copper, while Alaska has some of the greatest deposits of these minerals known in all the world. Alaska produces each year \$16,000,000 worth of fish, and \$20,000,000 in gold.

There is no reason for adopting a niggardly policy in regard to her. Too much "conservation" may easily mean gross injustice. The "conservation" idea is certainly carried to extremes when it means, as it does in Alaska, that nobody shall be permitted to develop the country or share in its development on any terms that sane business men would accept.

## A Maid and A Man

AT 12 O'CLOCK noon a few days ago, down Wall street in the heart of the financial district of New York city walked a young man with vaneled hair, tan shoes, silk stovepipe hat, and gaudy silk handkerchief sticking out of the breast pocket of his coat. He had his arm around the waist of an innocent looking girl about 20 years of age.

She was dressed in pure white satin, neck cut very low in the front baring her ostrich bosom to the midday sun, she wore a picture hat with long white renovated ostrich plumes, and a considerable train to her white satin dress swept up the debris of that million footed highway of borrowers and messenger boys.

As they walked, they talked lovingly together, one with the other, and seemed oblivious to people, but mindful of the big buildings. The National City bank, resources \$265,000,000, interested them especially, and they stopped to look at the inscription on the Washington monument in front of the United States mint where some \$100,000,000 in gold reposes against the rainy day.

Any were only a bride and groom from up-state, in New York on their honeymoon tour. New Yorkers never even turned their heads as the couple swept by; they are used to such things. It looked a little queer to the man from El Paso, where they use more modern methods of sweeping the main business streets.

## One-Sentence Philosophy

### REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

(New York Press.)

The average boy promises to be a man of might, and then again he might not.

Poets are born, not made, so it is not their fault, but the misfortune of others.

It's about as foolish never to do anything foolish as always to do only foolish things.

The money a man loses gambling would have made him mighty mad to have bought his wife clothes with.

When a girl runs away with a man it's proof that if he was worth it he wouldn't let her.

One per cent of men are somewhat popular, but the whole 100 per cent think they are strongly so.

A man's family keeps him from putting lots of his money into bad investments by spending it for him.

A man will spend three times as much on getting a pass to something as it would cost to pay his way in.

### POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

(Chicago News.)

Every farmer's wife has half a dozen odd jobs laid up for him to do when it rains.

It doesn't cost much to tell a lie, but hiring witnesses to back it up may prove expensive.

Experience is costly, but there is invariably a slump in the market when you try to dispose of it.

You may think there is no fun in being good, but do you get any real enjoyment out of being otherwise?

There are a lot of heroes in the world, but no woman ever seems to realize that she is married to one of them.

Somehow a woman never believes a man is a flatterer when he tells her the nice things she has always thought about herself.

Expert testimony is seldom worth as much as it costs.

Anything that would please all the people would not be very valuable.

As a matter of fact, "fair, fat and forty" is a rare combination among women.

JOURNAL ENTRIES.  
(Topeka Journal.)

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## UNCLE WALT'S DENATURED POEM

### Vain Yearnings

By Walt Mason.

I push the mower o'er the lawn, I push it to and fro, and sigh for happy days long gone when I could shovel snow. I strain like Dobbin in his tugs along the mower's track, and divers kinds of ants and bugs are crawling up my back. The chiggers on my legs have fed until those legs are wrecked; the sun beats down upon my head and fries my intellect. Ah, lamentations loud I raise as o'er the lawn I go, and weep for happy vanished days, when I could shovel snow. (O winter, is the joyous time! There's nothing half so sweet!) To have your face incased in time, your whiskers full of sleet! No weeds to pull, no grass to mow, no bugs to sting or bite, but just to gambol in the snow and thaw your feet at night! I mow along in sun and shade, the cogwheels screech and hum, and bits of wire get in the blade and knock it out of plumb. I hew the tall and luscious grass and groan and shriek and cuss, and say: "Things reach a pretty pass when man must labor thus! 'Til file objections never more when wintry blizzards blow; and never will my head be sore when I must shovel snow!"

### A Knight Of The Twigs

By F. St. Marx.

YOU know how the knights of old used to be dressed up in plate armor? Well, that was how he was dressed, but with this difference: his armor was on the broad black back, shot with ruby and purple and gold, and if you got it in the right place, it was like a shield. It was a silk suit that he wore for ladies' dresses.

In short, he was a beetle, what is known as a carnivorous beetle, and rather, one of them, for there are several kinds, all fairly common, and none possessing a proper name in English.

At the moment we came upon him he was trotting about the branches of a pine tree, for no other reason apparently than to show his brilliant and grand his armor looked in the light of the afternoon sun. That was because he moved so slowly. As a matter of fact, he was following a trail of scent hunting down a quarry; and a very difficult line it was, too, because so many other trails crossed it—trails of moths and flies and beetles and earwigs, and goodness knows how many others.

Then this insect stopped suddenly, and stood absolutely motionless from head to hind hooked claw, as only an insect can keep still, and then, so suddenly and so quickly that the human eye could hardly follow him, dashed up and along the twig to the main branch at a caterpillar moving against the rugged bark. It was an amazing exhibition of swift attack. But the slow creeping caterpillar was ready, it seemed, for almost as he started to move, it reared its head right up, like a plunging horse, and met him with a spurt of greenish, acrid, sticky liquid, old squirting from its mouth. Wonderfully true the aim was, too—so true that had the beetle not swerved in the last instant, and swerving as he did, he would in all probability have been blinded for life.

Not to be balked, however, the beetle, without checking speed, continued to swerve, and with one long, quick leap, landed full upon the back of the neck of another caterpillar moving against the rugged bark. It was a most amazing exhibition of swift attack. But the slow creeping caterpillar was ready, it seemed, for almost as he started to move, it reared its head right up, like a plunging horse, and met him with a spurt of greenish, acrid, sticky liquid, old squirting from its mouth. Wonderfully true the aim was, too—so true that had the beetle not swerved in the last instant, and swerving as he did, he would in all probability have been blinded for life.

Then he was seen what the word strength really means as exhibited in the insect world. The beetle, had buried his fangs—which were like curved shears, the ends pointing inward, and the razor-sharp cutting edges, like a saw in the back of the caterpillar's neck, at the same time feeling for a hold on the branch with his outstretched legs. As soon as he got it, he calmly hoisted that caterpillar up and held him out, kicking, in space. He seemed to make no effort in doing this, though the caterpillar was two and a half inches long and enormously strong, and lashed about with the fury of a serpent. Acid poison which lies in the beetle's jaws got

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The reservoir in the rear of the plant is being covered with concrete and a force of men will probably be employed all summer making other improvements at the waterworks.

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The G. H. & S. A., with a view to the fact that Mexican Federal troops stationed at Las Vacas were withdrawn to Monclova about two weeks ago, rebels appear to have ceased their operations in the section of Coahuila, near this place. No reports of rebel activity have reached here for some time.

The detachment of the 22d infantry, who have been stationed at the Pecos high bridge for the past two months, have fixed up their camp prepared to remain all summer. Inventive genius is not lacking here, as far away from other families from detachment, as is shown by the fact that one of the men has built a small windmill and rigged the top with a number of wooden pulleys, with strings for belts, and these turn a fan, similar to the small electric fans, and the men are cooled, and he keeps cool during the present torrid days.

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### The Herald's Daily Short Story

By F. St. Marx.

to work, and friend caterpillar died in the last fearful contest. The beetle, which our beetle did not move. Then he calmly hoisted in the prey from his dangling position and fed.

Then followed a long and arduous getting about the big trunk of the same tree, like a soldier, and looking at the crannies for prey to appease his apparently ceaseless hunger. Suddenly without warning, out of a hole which seemed to him like a cave, backed a big bee, sting first. She was one of those solitary wild bees that make their nests in wood, and since the beetle bobbed up practically under his equivalent for a nose, he stopped dead.

There was a pause while the owner of the sting howled and his looking at him rather amazedly. But as soon as she had come to the conclusion that he was a live, she gave an angry "B-a-a-a" and quick as thought, lunged at him with her tail, or sting, and the beetle scarcely seemed to move, but he moved enough to dodge the deadly stab, anyway, and in a flash had grappled the bee where her throat should be.

Then he stopped suddenly, and stood absolutely motionless from head to hind hooked claw, as only an insect can keep still, and then, so suddenly and so quickly that the human eye could hardly follow him, dashed up and along the twig to the main branch at a caterpillar moving against the rugged bark. It was an amazing exhibition of swift attack. But the slow creeping caterpillar was ready, it seemed, for almost as he started to move, it reared its head right up, like a plunging horse, and met him with a spurt of greenish, acrid, sticky liquid, old squirting from its mouth. Wonderfully true the aim was, too—so true that had the beetle not swerved in the last instant, and swerving as he did, he would in all probability have been blinded for life.

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## GOMEZ VOLUNTARILY WILL QUIT THE PRESIDENCY OF VENEZUELA

Missing Castro Finally Is Located In Spain, but Will Never Trouble Venezuela Again; Country Now Prosperous.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

CARACAS, Venezuela, May 27.—Venezuela is probably in better shape today than it has been in all the years of its history. Since the departure of Cipriano Castro, the government has been headed by Gen. Gomez, and things have been going along with unusual smoothness during his administration. Castro left Venezuela in 1908 to go to Europe to seek surgical aid, and expecting to come back he made Gen. Gomez acting president. As soon as Castro's ship had sailed Gomez seized the reins of power for himself. Upon the petition of thousands of property holders of Venezuela, from whom Castro had formed a habit of negotiating forced loans, Gen. Gomez decided to prevent Castro from landing in Venezuela on his return voyage. Gomez had the help of the powers, and although Castro attempted to land in the West Indies, none of them would give him asylum. He went back to the Canaries, and then was lost to sight almost as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. The whole diplomatic world, until recently, has been riddled with the question: Where is Castro?

Some insisted that the "Restorer," as he termed himself, had found a way to the Andean region of Colombia, and that he was only waiting an opportunity to surround himself with an army. One man's office, however, had had marched at the beginning of his career as a dictator. The Venezuelan government was anxious, and it sent an army of about 3000 soldiers to the Colombian frontier to keep watch lest Castro cross the international boundary. Meanwhile Venezuela's secret agents were also going through Europe trying to find the mysterious exile.

Castro Still Is In Spain. The United States also is interested in Castro, and the government detailed officials to ascertain his whereabouts. One military officer, however, after a prolonged trip through the neighborhood of the Colombian frontier, was unable to find him. He could not find his finger upon any day. Others located him with equal positiveness elsewhere, and Castro had them all arrested. Since then it seems that he has been ascertained definitely that Castro has remained in Spain, and that the constitutional disease from which he suffers has left him in such a state of health that Venezuela has little to fear from him.

While it seems that Gen. Gomez is going to establish a record that will constitute him a famous man in Venezuelan history, it appears at this juncture that he is not so much interested in laying down the office of president when his term expires, and to retire to private life without the slightest effort to bring into himself the power, but he lives up to this present intention—and those who know him best believe that he will also be able to find another way to the presidency. He will be one of the few Venezuelan rulers who have not resorted to force to maintain themselves in power.

There are plenty of candidates to succeed him. One of these is Gen. Alcantara, a prime minister. He is a soldier, and one who needs to talk with him but a little to conclude that he is a man of ability and is loyal to the constitution. He has been in the mind at West Point. Another candidate is Gen. Matos, the minister of foreign affairs under the present administration, and one who has been in the mind at West Point. Another candidate is Gen. Matos, the minister of foreign affairs under the present administration, and one who has been in the mind at West Point. Another candidate is Gen. Matos, the minister of foreign affairs under the present administration, and one who has been in the mind at West Point.

There are other candidates, but most observers think the fight is between Gen. Alcantara and Gen. Matos. Both of them are friendly to the United States, and either would bring to the presidency a culture and an equipment which would be a boon to the country. So far as is known, president Gomez is not supporting any candidate.

Gen. Gomez is not an educated man, nor yet has he received the advantages of foreign travel. He is a soldier who has been in the army since he was a boy, and he has a great deal of native ability and force of character. As soon as he came into supreme power he extended his hand to the representatives of all factions, members of the former revolutionary party and the leaders against them. The result has been a great deal of good feeling that has not been equalled in Venezuela since Gen. Blanco made Caracas known to fame as "Little Paris."

Many improvements have been made in Caracas and in many other parts of the country. Of course no one believes that a political millennium has dawned in Venezuela. Gen. Gomez would break all rules in Latin-American politics if he did not have his favorite army around him to receive patronage in various forms, and if he did not get a little more out of the presidency than the mere salary and the honor of being chief executive of his country.

Yet in the main he has done far better than he could have expected to do. When Castro left Venezuela the industries of the country had been suffering from political blight for years, and the people had been exploited by him until they were in a pitiable state. Where monuments galore filled public plazas and fine opera houses existed, starvation stared the masses in the face and comparatively few had enough food to eat.

Today Venezuela largely has recovered from the affliction of Castrism. The republic is at peace, in fact as well as in name, with all the world. Its people are happy, and its industries are being met with such clocklike regularity as to win words of commendation from the foreign bondholders. The country has been enabled to recover to reap in peace. Exports have recovered all the ground lost under Castro and are setting a new record.

Gomez Is Wealthy. While president Gomez may not appeal to the popular imagination as a hero, he seems to have the confidence of the people. He goes about in a military uniform, and he is perhaps the most democratic of all the rulers he has seen. He has a hacienda, which is about 40 miles square. The "big house" on this great estate is no large as the frequently celebrated weekend house parties of 200 guests and nobody is crowded. He has a private steamer on the adjacent lake which he uses to visit his various cattle ranges.

Venezuela today is far ahead of the republics of Central America. While it is no exception to the rule of Latin America that property is in the hands of a few, yet without the condition of the masses does not appear as hopeless as in many of the other countries. Along the German railroad from Caracas to Valencia, more than 100 miles,

perhaps 20 men own all the land on both sides. The major portion of the country is cut off from outside communication by big mountains which constitute the foothills of the Andes, so that civilization is slow in spreading over the country.

Some Peculiar Conditions. There are some peculiar conditions in Venezuela. The state supports the church, and through its constitution reserves the right to approve or disapprove any order from the holy see at Rome. It also reserves the right to name the church officials, or at least to approve the nominations of the holy see. Another interesting thing is that the constitution provides that the seal of its approval on revolutions by providing that the property of revolutionists shall not be liable to confiscation.

Trinidad, a British island off the coast, long has been a thorn in the side of Venezuela. Not only is it used as a base of operations for smugglers, but also as a field from which to launch revolutions against the existing government. It also reserves the right to the harbor, and as soon as it is out of sight of land, take aboard guns, and launch operations of war, and then sail to the Orinoco to Ciudad Bolivar, the fourth city of the republic, take it and then press forward to conquer it. Trinidad sympathizes with the revolution, for it lives by the trade of the Orinoco, and Ciudad Bolivar dominates that trade.

When Castro was president he closed the Orinoco to navigation by the Colombians. The river drains the Orinoco basin, and the lower part runs through Venezuelan territory. There is a nice point of international law involved in this. Whether Colombia has a right to reach the sea on its waters or not. When president Gomez came into power he closed all technicalities and opened up the river to the use of Colombia. Tomorrow—Colombia and its Controversy.

## 14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald Of This Date 1898

The Presbyterian church will entertain the public for the last time on Monday evening.

The war fever is now raging among the unmarried railroad men in this city, and it is possible that the next few weeks will see a number of them enlisting.

The El Paso Northeastern railroad last night furnished a special car to bring to the city the women of El Paso who were to be married. The women were to be married to the soldiers of the 10th Cavalry, who were to be married to the women of El Paso.

Said superintendent Martin yesterday: "We never felt the need of good roads during the afternoon. A sawdust and the government seems to be in the same fix. We have lost some of our best men on account of the war, but if they live to return they will be at liberty to take the positions which they left."

While on his rounds for news this morning the Herald man was stopped by the office of the chief of police. If he wouldn't please see that the attention of the people was called to the streets, and the effect that persons who leave their horses and carriages on the streets are subject to fine. This is a very dangerous practice, as no matter how good a horse may be, there is a possibility that at all times something will frighten him and cause a serious runaway.

SLIGHT CHANGE IN NAME. As a result of a protest of the local lodge of Elks against a gambling house in Juarez using the name "Elk Club," the name has been changed to "Elk club."

C. C. Tinkler, who had had charge of the grading work on the Tucson extension of the Santa Fe, was here Saturday on route to Portland, Ore., where the MacArthur company has a big grading contract.

## Automobile Racing BY GEORGE FITCH, Author Of "At Good Old Siwash"

(Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams.)

Automobile racing is a modern invention which would have made the old Roman chariot races look like an ice wagon parade. The Romans are still considered by historians to have been a lively and